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imitation of inanimate objects, such as broken food and scattered articles lying apparently on the floor. It thence proceeded rapidly to large historical compositions, and under the first emperors attained the highest technical development and refinement. Such pavements became general, and they were even made portable. Cæsar carried the pavement as well as the canvas of his tent with him, whether from the love of the art or a dry floor is somewhat doubtful. Cicero caused the pavements to be placed in all the porticos of his house. Under the protection of the Roman dominion this peculiar art spread itself over the ancient world, and was executed in the same manner upon the Euphrates, on Mount Atlas, and in Britain. Wherever the Roman arms were carried the mosaics followed, and hundreds have been found in Gaul, Germany and Britain.

There were several varieties of mosaics among the ancients, but the mention of the following may suffice: 1. Floors formed of pieces of stone of different colors, cut geometrically and cemented together—*pavimenta sectilia*. 2. Floors inlaid with small cubes of stone forming a colored design, such as were usual in antiquity, not merely in rooms, but also in courts and terraces—*opus tessellatum*, *pavimenta tessellata* (tessellated pavement). 3. The finer mosaic, which essayed to come as near as possible to pictures properly so called, and usually employed colored pieces of clay, or rather glass; but also the very costly material of precious stones, where the imitation of numerous local colors was required—called *opus vermiculatum* (*maius* and *medium*), *crusta vermiculæ*. Splendid works of this description were made of stone as well as clay cubes, as early as the Alexandrine period. In the time of the emperors the employment of glass cubes in the decoration of apartments first made its appearance, and quickly came into great request. There are many remains of this kind of mosaic, of which a few may be pronounced artistically excellent. There is some slight mention of its having been transferred even to the walls and ceilings; but historical mosaic painting of the grander style seems suddenly to have started into life in the course of the fourth century. 4. Outlines and intaglios were, according to Müller, engraved in metal, or some other hard material, and another metal or enamel (?) melted into it, so that figures in so-called *niello* resulted from the process.*

Besides these, the forming designs for windows with pieces of colored glass, appears to have been known at least to later antiquity, and this may be considered a species of mosaic. We find accounts also of what are called mosaics in relief. These were thought to have been the invention of Pompeo Savini of Urbino, but they are considered by some to be of ancient date; and are supposed, under the Empire, to have superseded the bas-reliefs of painted clay, common in the times of the Republic. The practice, if it obtained, was borrowed from the Greeks; for, according to M. Raoul-Rochette, the Ionic capitals of the

Eretheum at Athens were adorned with an incrustation of colored enamel. The fountains discovered at Pompeii had a covering of mosaic in colored paste. In the Villa Hadriana the entire vault of a crypto-porticus was covered with bas-reliefs in a very hard stucco, said to be incrustated with a paste of glass or enamel, in imitation of bas-reliefs of wax painted in natural colors.

The cubes employed were of every possible tint, and were set up by the workmen much as the types are by our printers, or rather, compositors. Many of these were gilt, and such were extensively employed afterward in every description of mosaic by the Byzantines, who placed their figures on gold grounds. The gold leaf was applied at the back of the cube, where it was fixed by a mordant covered with pounded glass, and fired in a furnace.

(To be continued.)

Foreign Correspondence, Items, etc.

ENGLAND.—A London contributor says: I have no items to furnish you with, save that Cropsey has some Scotch commissions, and that since his return from the Isle of Wight he has been quite ill—at times entirely unable to work. The winter exhibition has opened under the auspices of Gambart. Paul Duggan was located at Walton-on-Thames. The last exhibition of the Royal Academy was one of the very worst I ever saw; what the artists have gained in mechanical accuracy has been lost to them in boldness, thoughtfulness, and originality. Pre-Raphaelitism has become utterly contemptible, even in Millais' hands. That "Spring" of his was ludicrous in the extreme. One figure had the facial line inverted, and the foliage and grass were feebler than anything I ever saw from the hand even of a boarding-school young lady. What this man will sink to eventually, I cannot say. His name has been established principally by Ruskin.

A friend favors us with the following letter from England:

LONDON, Dec. 4, 1859.

I have already spent five days in London, and now try to tell you of what I have seen. I scarcely know where to begin, not from the want of material, but from having too much to say. I have seen two exhibitions, one the Sheepshanks collection, at the Kensington Museum, and the other, an exhibition of pictures by modern English artists, in Pall Mall. I have had glimpses of several very fine pictures, but my time was so limited I could not give attention to particular works, and therefore cannot judge of the merits of any single painter. We went to the latter exhibition at three o'clock, and it is dark here at four o'clock; and during these foggy days there is scarcely any daylight, at least what we call daylight in America. I have seen the sun once since I have been in London, and then it resembled more a moldy green cheese than its brilliant namesake in America.

At the Sheepshanks gallery I passed an entire day, and studied many of the pictures carefully, and altogether I am much pleased with what I have seen of the English painters. We have had no exhibition in New York which at all represents the English school. Among the figure painters, I am most pleased with Landseer, Mulready, and Leslie; I have also seen some fine works by Etty, Stothard, and Wilkie. I am delighted with Landseer. He is, undoubtedly, the greatest of animal-painters. The engravings from his works, fine as they are, give but a faint idea of the originals. He is finely represented in this col-

* This description of work we have found in modern times to lead immediately to engraving, and something of the kind—some means of multiplying impressions—seems to have been not unknown to antiquity, judging from the much commented on passage in Pliny, xxxv. 2. Marcus Varro, says Pliny, made (*aliquo modo*) and inserted in his writings the portraits of seven hundred distinguished men, and dispersed them to all parts of the world; and this he did for the gratification of strangers. The process, whatever it was—and Pliny's allusion is so concise, that any explanation of the means can be merely conjectural—must have been transient and imperfect, or some traces of the art would have been preserved, or some mention of it made.

lection by sixteen pictures, many of them being his most celebrated works, such as the "Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner," "Jack in Office," etc. Then Mulready is wonderfully fine. He is another whom no engraver can represent; the highest qualities of his works, like those of all great painters, are always lost in the mechanical efforts of the best engravers. He seems nearly as successful in landscape as in figures; some of his early landscapes are exquisite, and are perfect models of subtle execution combined with the utmost elaboration. His method of working is somewhat singular. He outlines his picture very delicately and with great care on a fine light ground, and then paints so thinly that the canvas and outline are visible everywhere except in the highest lights; and yet his pictures do not lack solidity, and often possess fine color. His story is always powerfully told, and he does not, like too many painters, paint a picture without having *something to tell*. Mulready has twenty-eight pictures in this gallery, many of them quite large. I have not studied Leslie with sufficient care to form an opinion of his works, although he is well represented here. It was getting dark when I came to his pictures, so that I could not see them to advantage.

And now you will, no doubt, be interested to know what I think of Turner. I have not yet seen the Turner gallery (which opens soon at the Kensington Museum, together with the Vernon collection), and have, of course, seen but little of what is visible of his performance; but I have seen enough to convince me that he is not overrated even by Ruskin. I cannot agree with Ruskin in considering the "Building of Carthage" a "nonsense" picture. To me it seems a truly grand and magnificent work, making the "Claude" beside it look like the work of a child in point of composition. But in the Sheepshanks collection, there is one picture of "Venice," painted in 1840, which is a perfect dream of beauty—full of light and most marvellous in color; not splashed on, as I expected to find it, but full of the most delicate pearly greys, and worked with a tenderness that is quite wonderful. Not only is the picture highly imaginative, but it is equally great considered as a simple, truthful rendering of color and form. There are in this collection five pictures by Turner, none of which have ever been engraved. Two of these are early pictures, painted about 1830; they are wonderful for breadth and unity, but possess nothing of the marvellous color which distinguishes the "Venice." But I will say no more, for fear you may think I am beside myself for expressing opinions so contrary to what many of our artists have expressed. I wish you could see for yourself! I think you would find something more in Turner than is ever given by engravers. I had an opportunity to compare one of the finest of the Yorkshire drawings with the engraving (nearly side by side), but, oh, the change! I shall never find pleasure in looking at engravings again. The Turner at the last exhibition in New York, although possessing some of his peculiarities, was but a shadow of what I have already seen. Yours, etc.

From "London Times" of Oct. 21, 1859:

DEATH OF MR. FRANCIS GRAVES.—We regret to have to announce the sudden death of Mr. Francis Graves, of Pall Mall, which occurred on Saturday last. He was well-known in this country and on the continent, as one of the best judges of engravings, both ancient and modern. His knowledge of English and foreign portraits, and his familiarity with every fact of their history, and the lives of the originals, were almost unrivalled. During upward of thirty years several of the finest collections in England, and especially that of the late Lord Northwick, were formed under his superintendence; and

to him the print-room of the British Museum is indebted for many of its most curious prints and drawings. He was also an admirable judge of paintings, as far as historical portraits are concerned, and several of the most interesting pictures in the recently established National Portrait Gallery had passed through his hands. He was of kind and amiable manners, always ready to communicate any information he possessed, and his death will be sincerely regretted.

ITALY.—A Florentine correspondent of a French periodical says, "It is well known that the family of Michael Angelo Buonarroti still exists at Florence, and that its representatives have occupied the house in which their illustrious ancestor dwelt. Some time after the death of this great man, one of his descendants, known under the name of Michael Angelo the Younger (a distinguished antiquary and the author of two dramatic works, the *Tancia* and the *Fiera*, two Italian classics and highly appreciated by the Academy della Crusca), desired to embellish the house which had belonged to his grandfather, and, without interfering with its original condition, he added to it a large hall, to which he gave the name of the Gallery of Michael Angelo. This hall contains a wooden ceiling divided into compartments and ornamented with sculpture in good taste. The walls are also arranged in the same manner. In each compartment there is painted an episode in the life of Michael Angelo, the comprehension of which is only to be got at by one who is well acquainted with the life of the great artist. Those who executed them were at that time the most celebrated painters in Florence, and some among them had been pupils of Michael Angelo himself. The Gallery in question is a thing unique of its kind, and of the greatest interest. The adjoining chambers are painted in fresco. The most remarkable is a chapel where Pocatti has represented all the saints of Florence in an ingenious composition, continued round the four walls, and a work in which it may be said he has truly surpassed himself. Then comes a small cabinet where are shown a sword, a stick, and divers objects that belonged to Michael Angelo. Here, they say, he used to withdraw for purposes of study, and it is in this little corner where so many gigantic conceptions were matured. But what is of inestimable value, are the actual works of the great master, his painted sketches, a bas-relief in marble, which he cut at the age of fifteen, a sketch of the "Last Judgment," several models in wax, and other priceless relics. These are not all; there are still preserved the autograph manuscripts of Michael Angelo in verse and prose, and the letters addressed to him by illustrious men, which throw a new light upon his life, his works, and the age in which he lived. These papers are sealed documents, even for us Florentines. Although the Gallery has been open to the public one day in every week, the late proprietor never permitted a living soul to penetrate to these archives. This man who styled himself the Counsellor Buonarroti, was minister of Public Instruction, and an extreme ultra-montanist. He died last year without issue; he has bequeathed to the municipality of Florence the various objects of which I have spoken, placing them in charge of the *gonfalonier* (mayor) associated with the director of the Uffizzi Gallery and the librarian of the Laurenziana. Upon hearing this, the heirs entered into proceedings against the municipality, and there was danger that this precious legacy might be annulled; but finally an arrangement has been effected between the inheritors and the city, by which, for the sum of four or five thousand crowns, this great legacy has become the lasting possession of Florence and of the public. A commission has been appointed to arrange and catalogue the manuscripts."

BELGIUM.—Brussels, one of the most beautiful of the continental capitals, has lately been made more so by a splendid monument erected in honor of the "Congress and the Constitution," and which has been in hand since 1850. The monument consists of a richly decorated column of the Doric order, profusely adorned with garlands and festoons, bas-reliefs and statues, that of the king standing upon the top. Round the base are, among other works in sculpture, four allegorical statues (in bronze), representing the Freedom of Association, the Freedom of Worship, the Freedom of the Press, and Freedom of Education. The column is about 150 feet high, is hollow, and contains a staircase, the entrance to which is guarded by two bronze lions.

Some time in the course of the winter the gallery of works of Art belonging to the late M. Van Becelaer, consisting of modern pictures, is to be sold at auction. The catalogue contains works by Delacroix, Decamps, Isabey, L. Robert, Baron, Diaz, Troyon, Rosa Bonheur, etc.

FRANCE.—The *musée* at Orleans contains a portrait entitled, "Joan of Arc," which portrait is said to be a veritable likeness of this rare heroine. The picture once belonged to a collection of works of Art in Germany, from whence it found its way into the *Musée d'Orléans*, through the agency of a patriotic lady of that ancient city. It seems that the authenticity of the portrait has been questioned by a French critic, and to the great indignation of its former German custodians, who maintain its originality upon the best of traditional and archæological evidence. The Frenchman says it is his belief that the picture represents a St. George, to which skeptical, if not ungallant assertion, the Germans reply as follows: "You Frenchmen are terrible people; you allow nothing to remain as it is! You possess a heroine such as is not to be encountered in all history, whose moral grandeur steadily expands in proportion to the growing enlightenment of the world, and whom we as foreigners, intensely admire! You find fault with what to us is a veritable transcript of her features, and one that ought to be considered so by everybody; it is a discovery—a rare piece of good fortune for you. Instead, however, of rejoicing at it, you regard the discovery as a fitting subject for doubt, and put forth a wise archæologist to prove that some mistake exists, and that your Joan of Arc is none other than a St. George! To us the personage represented by the picture in the Orleans *musée* is and remains a woman, and that woman is Joan of Arc, and she never can represent anybody else!" *Quien Sabe?*

A bronze colossal statue of the Virgin and Child for the town of Puy is completed and ready for erection. The statue is cast in pieces, and will be about fifty feet high, some eighteen feet less than the statue of St. Charles Borromeo, at Arona, on Lago Maggiore. Its nose measures over eighteen inches in length, and each foot more than two yards. The statue is cast out of the cannon taken by the French at Sebastopol. This same town of Puy possesses a monumental fountain erected by one M. Crozatier, a wealthy dealer in bronzes, of Paris, and formerly a poor boy in this town. The fountain is composed of marble basins and bronze statues, four of the latter representing as many rivers, and a fifth, which crowns the design, symbolizing the town of Puy. This fountain is said to be one of the most beautiful in France.

Two marble statues, which formerly graced the avenues of the Tuileries, have been removed to a gallery in the Louvre. One of them is Pradier's *Prometheus* and the other, *Philopæmen*,

by David d'Angers. The use of marble for out-door statues in our northern climates has got beyond the questionable point; it is found by experience to be a poor material for exposure.

Of the countless treasures of Art which the palace of the Luxembourg contains, only a few were injured by the late fire. The paintings of Vauchelet and Abel de Pujol are entirely lost; those by Blondel have suffered less, and can be detached from the walls and reinstated. The sculptures in wood of Klagmann, Elshoët, and Triquetti, escaped injury, as well as the numerous marble busts of celebrated legal characters that adorn the hall. The fire was confined to the dome and in the Senate chamber. The *Gazette des Beaux Arts* says, that "the Chinese, who are great collectors as well as intelligent ones, of valuable objects, always place them in buildings detached from other structures, and in buildings perfectly fire-proof." Why should not the western Barbarians do likewise?

The government, through M. Fould, has placed twenty thousand francs with the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres as a prize for the author or authors of the best History of the Arts of Design, their origin, progress and transmission among the different peoples of antiquity, down to the age of Pericles.

Rouen possesses a school of design for the Art-education of workmen in manufactories, where four hundred pupils yearly receive instruction. Many workmen living in the valleys that teem with industrial operations in the vicinity of Rouen, travel miles every day after their labor is over to this school to obtain lessons the value of which they fully comprehend.

A large picture gallery collected by Count Brabeck, at a cost of \$350,000, and known as the "Soder Gallery," was recently sold in the city of Hanover. It was gathered together by the original owner in the latter part of the last century, and included, besides the works of Raphael, Correggio, and Titian, chiefly those of Flemish, Dutch, and German masters. The pictures lately fell into the hands of the head of the Catholic branch of the old Stolberg family by marriage with a daughter of Count Brabeck. The gallery sold for about \$70,000. A small "Raphael," seven and a half inches long, brought \$7,000, and a "Correggio" \$3,500. The former picture was bought in by the owner, who, at the last moment, decided that he could not consent to part with it.

DRESS OF PORTRAITS.—I have heard it disputed, whether a portrait ought to be habited according to the fashion of the times, or in one of those dresses which, on account of their elegance, or having been long in use, are affected by great painters, and therefore called picturesque. The question may be determined upon the principles here laid down. If you wish to have a portrait of your friend that shall always be elegant, and never awkward, choose a picturesque dress. But if you mean to preserve the remembrance of a particular suit of clothes, without minding the ridiculous figure which your friend will probably cut in a hundred years hence, you may array his picture according to the fashion. The history of dresses may be worth preserving: but who would have his image set up, for the purpose of hanging a coat or periwig upon it, to gratify the curiosities of antiquarian tailors or wig-makers?—*J. Beattie.*

MANY prefer taking to their love or companionship a rough pebble, in which there is the slightest chance of discovering the smallest diamond, rather than a highly-polished unquestionable bit of the most educated rock crystal.—*Boyes.*